

**Memories of Mother and Dad-**  
**Outings and travels with Mother and Dad;**  
**Glen and Alta Wanlass**  
**By Rhea Wanlass Lewis**

Mother had such a wonderful personality, everyone that knew her, loved her. She was the most compassionate woman. She would help anyone that needed her service. Thursday was usually Mother day off of work and she would go visit little Emma, a 100 year old lady from Europe that lived in the rest home in Lehi. Mother usually took her a little candy or some kind of treat. Mother took her a doll that Emma would sit and rock with the doll in her arms. Emma called it her baby.

Mother usually went to Provo or Springville to see her mother, Lois Butler and take her some money and take her out to lunch. Rhea and Leslie often went with her. Some days off were spent shopping either in Provo or Salt Lake. Mother was very generous and would usually buy lunch for those with her and often for her daughters, she would buy something special on each trip.

The pre-working years, when mother went to Salt Lake City, she would often take Gwen Dorton and Rhea with Her. I (Rhea) remember going to ZCMI and Auerbach's with her to a door crasher sale, she would say, just hold on to my skirt and don't let go. People would be crowded up against the door. We would ride the elevator up to the second floor where mother would look at dress, coats or hats. She wore hats whenever she dressed up and always looked so beautiful. When we went to Salt Lake in those times, we would dress in our Sunday clothes, gloves, high heels with nylons and hats were in order. We usually walked up the streets in Salt Lake City to the Paris, and Keith O' Brien to see what they had on sale also.

Trips to Salt Lake City would take much longer than they do today. This was before the freeway. One time I remember getting a flat tire at the point of the

mountain. A truck driver stopped and changed the tire for us. Dad owned a service station, but we had more than our good share of flat tires and car trouble.

When I was little, mother would take me to Provo on the bus. The greyhound bus stopped in Lehi at the drug store on State Street. Mother and I were across the street trying to get to the side where the bus was waiting for us. I happened to have my feet inside a wire on the ground and tripped and fell and skinned my knees when I tried to run across. The bus driver came to my aid and carried me across to the bus.

Mother often took me to movies with her. I was the oldest so she would take me and leave the younger kids home with a baby sitter or dad after work. She about had a fit when they said pregnant in one of the shows. On Tuesday night the Royal theater would have ladies night, buy one ticket and get one free. They would hold a half time drawing for prizes.

One night, the theater caught on fire in the middle of the night. I remember Mother getting out of bed to follow the truck to see where the fire was. Most of the time when we were small, part of our entertainment was when the fire siren would ring. It was located on center street, so most of the time the fire trucks would come up past our house and all the neighbors would stand out on the sidewalk to watch which way the truck would go. If we could see the smoke or think it was something we wanted to see, we would follow the truck to get in on the excitement.

Mother and dad would like to go to the desert once-in-a while to look for pretty rocks to put in the yard around flower beds or build walls and the beautiful patio. It was a rest for our father to spend time with his garden or hunt rocks with mother or his rock hound friends. When dad would go rock hunting with his buddies. We children got to take turns sleeping with her in her bed. This was a special time for us children. We took turns scratching each other's back. It felt so good.

We would take a picnic up American Fork canyon quite often and dad would

look for an old cave he knew about when he lived up there. We went to Vernal once to see the dinosaur monument and in 1956 we went to Yellowstone Park as a family. This was one of the few real vacations we went on. Dad was chained to the service station and didn't have very many people who could work for him for very long at a time.

After dad retired, he and mother were able to go on quite a few trips, the most important one being able to meet Stan and Joy in Europe while Stan was attending and teaching in an art school there. They were able to see many parts of the world and loved it so much. It was wonderful that Stan and Joy could take them so many places of interest. They bought many beautiful items for their home in Europe and enjoyed having them in their home to enjoy for the rest of their lives.

They were also able to travel to Hawaii and the deep-south tours of the United States. Mostly they enjoyed their trips to the Utah canyons in southern Utah and the desert and the northwest where Stan and Joy lived in Oregon.

Mother helped all of us girls after we had our babies. She went to stay with Stan and Joy to tend Amber and LInc while joy was expecting the triplets in 1980. She stayed there at least three months, helping with the three new babies. She was such a good help with doing housework and food and tending. Dad was soooo glad when she was home. He really missed her, and she missed him also. She said she felt like a prisoner there where she couldn't go to the store or get out and about like she was used to doing.